

my dog
follows me around
my little house
room to room
she's at my heels
this is the insecurity
I breed
one never knows the next seconds
bomb raid
she feels my feel of instant death
the joy of each second
even in loneliness
even in frustrated love
even in the most terrible aloneness
and she follows me
into the backroom
out through the bathroom
at my heel
always with me
just like they say
my best friend.

gagaku

basket of fruit
wicker basket
full of a few lemons
and one bright orange
and some apples
with one half visible
banana

I sit at the table
covered by a white cloth
the table is brown wood
a card table
and the white cloth
lays smoothly over it

silverware
includes neatly placed fork
and knife upon perfectly
folded napkin
with a spoon
to the right of a
sparkling empty though
incredibly clean plate